

M.S.A. ANNUAL PORTFOLIO



1929

PROTHY
LAMBERS

annual portfolio



of the mass. school.
of art.



ETHEL G. BARTLETT

To whom this book is affectionately dedicated

DEDICATION

DOROTHY E. SHARPLES

AND now we must go out—our small tasks are finished here—we go to what great work? Some will build lofty memorials through great inspiration, some will paint masterpieces with divine interpretation, some will bring beauty to everyday life, and others will dedicate their lives to the guidance of little souls. And, underneath it all, there is a memory—and memories come from the soul. There, enshrined, is an ideal which we strive to approach, an ideal that was conceived when we as students were under the guidance of these, our instructors. Our ideal is their hope intensified, their desire for our success; and, to Miss Bartlett who holds our success and happiness in her heart we affectionately dedicate this, Our Book.



SOUTH DUNBURY

— ETHEL G. BARTLETT

FROM THE PRINCIPAL

ROYAL B. FARNUM

IN a recent article on "What to do on Sunday" I was disappointed to find that not one suggestion, among the many offerings for entertainment, provided for the Spirit. The eye, the ear, and the intellect were catered to, but the heart found no solace. Museums, forums, and architecture were cited, but the Pageantry, the Song, the Music, the softened interior and the Spiritual Message of worship and the Church were forgotten or forsaken.

Each season brings forth a new New Book. If it appeals only to superficial achievement it falls short of its mission. If, on the other hand, it gives birth to the Spiritual values of our school and its fellowship, if it presents the heart of our ambitions and the soul of our desires then it is a worthy record of the year.

This, I believe, we are presenting in our Year Book with increasing truth. No longer is it a lightly entertaining series of frivolous jokes, impossible prophecies, and hurriedly written histories. Now indeed it has become a publication worthy of our students and of this school, than whom there are no finer and than which there is no better.



WATER COLOR STILL LIFE

by

Alice Graves

Barbara McCrillis

Sam Midman

Donald Knowles



GARGOYLE PORTER
by
ELEANOR WILDER

GARGOYLE WILDER
by
HELENE DAUPHINEE





MYSTICISM
by
DOROTHY THURLOW



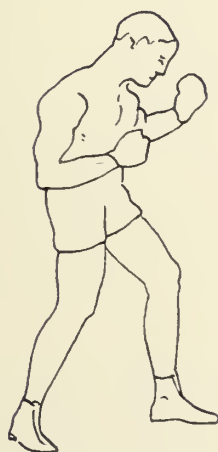
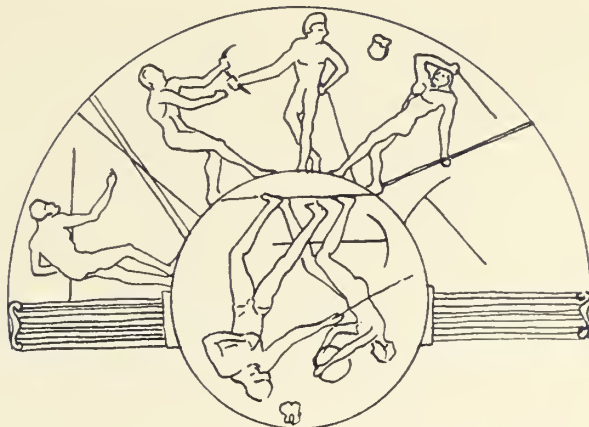
"DESIGN"—Eleanor Wilder
"DRAMA"—Paul Winters
"ARCHITECTURE"—Stephen Yacobowski

"PAINTING"—Helen Dauphinee
"KNOWLEDGE"—Eda Earle
"SCULPTURE"—Robert Amendola



LIFE DRAWING

CYRIL BERNARD O'HEARN
Junior Drawing and Painting.

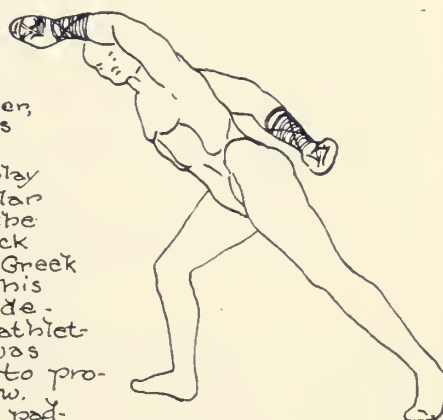


2 Modern Boxer

1 Discobulus. - Greek Vase which brought in relief the contractions of the great deltoid muscles of the shoulder, as our game of quoits does.

2. Boxing brings into play most of the muscular system, especially the muscles of the neck and shoulders. The Greek wore thonging on his hands, and in the decadence of Greek athletics the thonging was studded with iron to produce a heavier blow. Our boxers wear a padded glove.

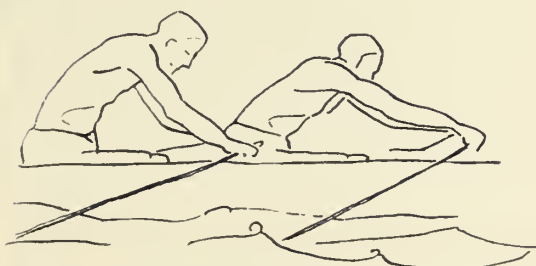
3 Rowing develops the muscles of the arms, chest, back and abdomen. The Greeks had races much like ours.



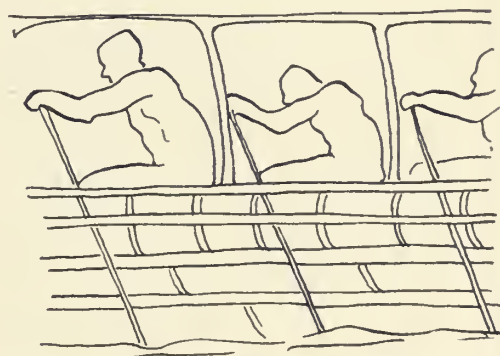
2. Greek Boxer.
Boethese statue

"The Greek sought instinctively the ideal, the perfect development. His line of beauty was a line of strength."
Hopkin-Athletic Games and Greek Art

E. Reid S.T.T



3 Modern Shell Race



3. Greek Galley Race
Low Relief in stone



COMPOSITIONS

| | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| MARJORIE OLIVER | ANNE LEIB |
| FRANCES REDMOND | IDA POVER |



PORTRAIT

RALPH SHEPHERD

Rene A.
Varelak
Jun. Cor.
Design



Problem
in Space
Relation-
ship

ADVENTURING

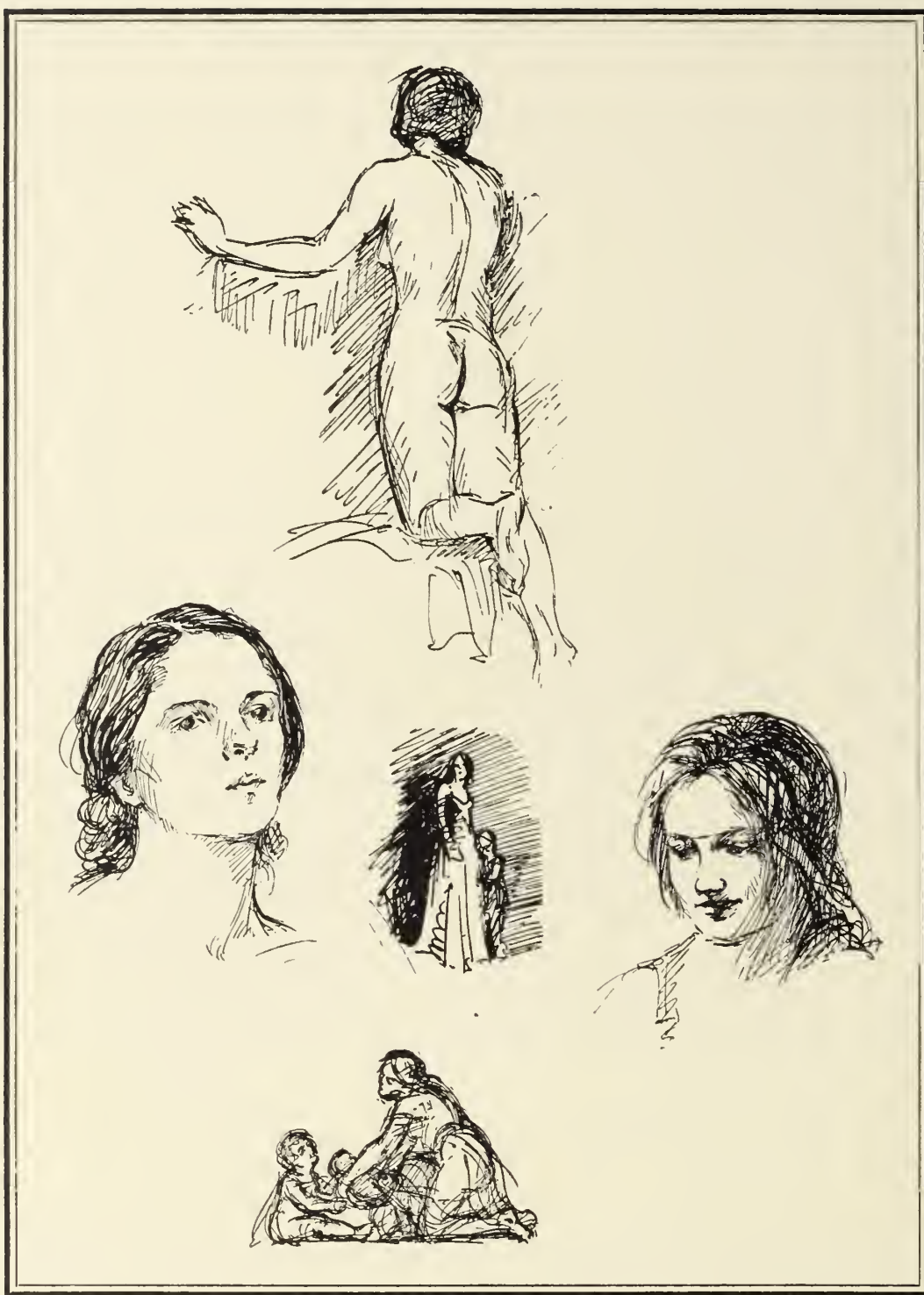
DOROTHY E. SHARPLES

WHEN Springtime wind comes roaring in
From islands far away,
It brings a breath of strangeness
To the rose-crowned month of May.
A something in the racing air
Brings Orient sweets today —
As though it wafted round the world
The fragrance of Cathay.

It brings a hint of lily-buds
Upon a still lagoon
Where painted lips and almond eyes
Make vows beneath the moon.
It tunes the thoughts to temple bells
And idols wrought of jade,
Fantastic shapes that lurk within
The dim pagoda's shade.
And, as the wind goes whirling on,
Wild, joyous, never still,
It stirs desires and dreams —
Would I might roam the world at will,
Would I might sail the sparkling seas,
Thread cities old and dim,
And, like spring wind go dancing down
Beyond earth's utmost rim.







PEN AND INK

LUCILE NICHOLS



COMPOSITION

MARION BICKFORD
Junior Drawing and Painting



PORTRAIT HEAD

BARBARA SEARS
Junior Drawing and Painting



BRUSH DRAWING

SHUNICHIRO TOMITA
Senior Drawing and Painting.



LINO CUT

EVERETT DURGIN
Junior Drawing and Painting.

WHITHER ART

KENNETH H. BARTON

HISTORY shows that past civilizations have expressed their national characteristics in their art. Thus the temple crowned Acropolis speaks of the Greek intellectualism and the worship of beauty, while ancient aqueducts and triumphal arches attest the power and empire that was Rome. The religious fervor of the Renaissance found expression in the Sistine ceiling and the vaulted heights of Amiens and Rheims. Each great epoch of art was the spontaneous expression of the spirit of the times and each resulted from the growth of a national consciousness.

Considered in this light, what is the future of art to-day? In what way shall we express the spirit of our times? Have we as a people the desire and ability for artistic expression? What chance is there for artistic progress in our allegedly materialistic age?

Let us approach the problem by considering some of our modern art trends. In the first place there is no doubt that a national art consciousness has begun to develop. On every side we see signs that we as a nation have commenced to realize the value of beauty and we are making serious effort to introduce it into our daily lives. Manufacturers are stressing artistic design in their products and there is a growing demand for art in industry.

The makers of a popular American car noted for its smart appearance are advertising their machine as designed on the principles of ancient and classic art. The ensemble of radiators and fenders is said to be based upon a modification of the Egyptian lotus leaf motif used in the temple of Karnak. The curves of the fenders follow the rhythmical repetition of the Parthenon frieze, while the window panels follow the Roman aqueduct design.

This is but a sole instance of the recognition accorded by our so called materialists to the value of artistic design. There are many others. Typewriters, bathtubs, kitchen utensils and scores of other manufactured articles are being turned out in a variety of pleasing shapes and colors. Everywhere we are attempting to combine beauty and utility.

Not only in the field of applied design but in the realm of the fine arts as well, the machine age is making its impress. In the field of architecture we have already entered a new epoch. The skyscraper set back law, necessitated by modern conditions, has resulted in an entirely new and typically national style. Not only is the architectural form different but it demands a new type of decorative treatment and thus affects the allied arts of painting and sculpture. Recently the plans of a Chicago skyscraper called for a decorative frieze. The sculptor in meeting the requirements peculiar to the structural design succeeded in striking a distinctly new and successful note. Thus in the conditions imposed by our modern civilization lie vast possibilities for the creation of a great national art.

Many decry our so called machine age as materialistic and detrimental to the progress of art. However, through intelligent co-operation the machine becomes the ally not the enemy of art. By means of mass production artistically designed products can be made available to millions and an appreciation of beauty thereby stimulated. There is another aspect to the situation that lends itself peculiarly to the development of the fine arts. With the introduction of labor saving machinery and increased efficiency the average person will have more time and means for cultural purposes. Increased opportunity will be offered for cultivation of interest in the fine arts, and new fields of accomplishment will be open to the artist.



The Airman by Robert Amendola



PEN AND INK COMPOSITION MAE MACREIL
Freshman Design

THE MOTH FOR THE STAR

ELLA MUNSTERBERG



THE most exquisite pleasure is appreciation. This, our age, is called a pleasure seeking age. But what do we mean by pleasure? Most girls of nineteen take pleasure in dancing, some however take more pleasure in tennis, again there are others whose pleasure is to cook. A boy of nineteen usually likes baseball in the spring and football in autumn. However there may be many who find greater pleasure in hiking with a camera or speeding at the wheel. There are, obviously, varieties of pleasure. Pleasure is often mistaken for recreation. Recreation usually is a pleasure. I can, however, easily think of certain recreations from work which might be distasteful, and no pleasure at all. Suppose a doctor orders a certain exercise for a man who is corpulent,—every evening after office hours he must swing dumb-bells in gymnasium; this is enforced recreation for the “tired business man” and not a pleasure. On the other hand it seems completely erroneous to oppose pleasure to work. After all, only a small percentage of humanity is the hectic “pleasure seeking” part. There are certain families of wealth, and sometimes culture, whose chief activities, particularly for the women, are giving and receiving entertainment. This constitutes the daily activity of some women; it is surely not always a pleasure, as it means entertaining bores, overcoming perhaps headaches and weariness and using often superhuman tact in order to play the game carefully.

The dictionary gives the first two definitions for pleasure: satisfaction and delight. These are good definitions and they leave us to pleasure in

the truer sense. If pleasure is satisfaction our deepest daily pleasure must come not from the quick jazzy dance at noontime—which indeed was a momentary pleasure—but from something which satisfies our finest, our most aspiring self. This satisfaction, with all its beautiful restfulness, can often be found in the conclusion of a day of sincere work. In evaluating the day's experiences, before we go to sleep at night, all objects, people, events, flit by in swift, almost uninvited procession. You will then sense again the quick joy of the strawberry-sundae you ate and an instinctive appreciation awakens your retrospect; but your particular problem of the day looms over the slight incident of the sundae; perhaps it was using a greater breadth of technique in handling the warm colours on the delicate flesh tones of the model you were painting; there, at night, you see again in your mind's eye the sun playing through the studio window caressing the shoulder and languid arm of the lovely model. A pleasurable sensation comes to you, and then you seem again to be standing in the studio mixing yellow ochre and white with oh! just a touch of vermilion. Then suddenly you remember the result of your labors on the canvas that day! Yes! it was better than last week, and pleasure now like a breaking wave seems to overwhelm all other pleasures. As the exquisite wave of satisfaction washes over your soul and dreams are near, there looms up, indistinctly, another emotion—where was it you saw flesh tones so exquisitely painted?—oh, yes, yesterday in Mr. W—'s painting at the Guild,—sometime you hope to paint like him—yes—sometime—. And you have reached your most alluring pleasure as you start dreaming.

I feel that in all ages we have had pleasure seekers, and it is right so. S. Francis took pleasure in his abstemious life. His conscience was his delight. Lincoln must have taken pleasure in his freeing of the slaves. His conscience must have sung to him. He appreciated the joy of his vision of freedom for them; in his mind he saw and sensed it and loved it. He must have had the vision, the ideal, before he acted. First appreciation, then action.

Is appreciation instinctive or cultivated? Neither and both. The little bird emerging out of the egg appreciates its mother's protective wings. But there are certain interesting steps of culture to make us appreciate not only our strawberry-sundae but Botticelli's *Magnificat*, Michael Angelo's *Night*, *Hamlet* and the prelude to *Parsival*. It therefore seems tremendously important that our will to appreciate be directed in worthy channels. If one

has had the advantage of going to a conservatory or College or technical school like ours the directing of these channels of appreciation is made easy.

In our school one gains concrete information of how to do things; but above all there is the atmosphere of light and vision. Most of our topics are interesting and light the way, most of our students show eagerness in discrimination in their attitude, and our faculty make it their pleasure to unlock the doors to vision and perception. Our director, keen, kindly, tactful, seeking only what is finest, is an inspiration to every student. Surely it is not difficult to appreciate the spiritual wealth which our school offers.

Sometimes it is knowledge itself which inflames students to deeds of great value; sometimes, and perhaps more often, it is the personal example. We see another lead the life we love and we cannot distinguish between the acts of the individual and the personality. Nor do we want to. Let no one discourage whole hearted appreciation of a stronger, finer personality.

Is this the pinnacle of our enthusiasm? What then if we had made our ideals part of our life? Should we to be worthy of our school tell others that their school is not as fine as ours? Should we—because perhaps Leonardo is our star—say that the heavens yield one star only? What is the most beautiful aspect of appreciation? Let us never hinder the moth from seeking the star, and never, never let us say this star is not a star. Whoever and whatever is appreciated is by virtue of appreciation a star. The beauty of starlight would be invalid if human eye could not discern it. Appreciation ennobles the appreciated object.

What is the finest, perhaps the final step, in the exquisite pleasure of appreciation? Is it the realization of one ideal? Wise men have said that the importance of religion—of any religion—is the sincere belief. The act of believing is in itself valid. Professor Royce in his beautiful book on loyalty proves to us that the culmination of loyalty is loyalty to loyalty. Wealth of wisdom gives to an appreciator the most beautiful appreciation: namely, an appreciation of appreciation. The wise man senses the Ideal of Ideals. He knows the mystery of the dark heavens is vivified by stars—many, many stars. He will not laugh at your star, for reverently he realises that for each one there is:

“The desire of the moth for the star
The night for the 'morrow
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.”

He knows that: the most exquisite pleasure is appreciation.



POLO PLAYER

DORIS ROWELL
Junior Drawing and Painting

